

[Peterson's Magazine, January, 1853]

The hen is scratching,
Forgotten, forlorn;
The rooster is watching
In vain for corn;
The men are all mad,
For the women say,
"A picked-up dinner
Or none, to day."
"La! I'm tired," the old dame cries,
Wiping the soap-suds out of her eyes;
"Mercy upon us!" the daughter sings,
"If I was a dove and had silver wings,
Up the church steeple and far away,
I'd fly at the dawn of a washing day."

"Yet it might hurl it on the sands with
such force as to wreck it after all. Open
was plenty of room is what the old sailor

waited. The stuffy little cabin was full, and if they must be lost they wished to be on deck. Once in a lull Merabel rose to save a fluttering shawl. The vessel

But the "places" of pardon became more and more frequent; Merabel's sky grew blacker. Then one morning a loud of indignation within her, at the sin and waste and misery of it all, broke

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